

WITH LAWTON IN LUZON.

Graphic Description of the Expedition up the Rio Grande.

SERGEANT SMITH'S NARRATIVE

Of History-Making Events Occurring in the Philippines.

THE ADVANCE ON SAN LOUIS

That Resulted in the Capture of the City Described in a Realistic and Thrilling Style—The Boys in Blue and Brown Showing the Filipinos a Courage and Dash that are Unconquerable—How the Newspaper Boys Mix up in the Fighting—Incidents of the Last Campaign in the Philippines Before Rainy Season.

Ernest G. Smith, late college graduate, foot ball player, young lawyer and city solicitor of Martin's Ferry—now a sergeant in the Seventeenth Infantry of the regular army, and serving with Lawton in the Philippines—among his accomplishments numbers ability to grasp dramatic situations and tell them in a style that is graphic and realistic. Intelligencer readers have been favored with several interesting letters from Sergeant Smith, who has undertaken to write regularly (unhappily at rather unfrequent intervals) to this paper, but no other letter of his has been read with the interest and enjoyment that will come from a perusal of the one which appears in this morning's paper. His description of the last campaign in Luzon before the rainy season began—that of the gallant Lawton up the Rio Grande valley that ended in the capture of the city of San Louis and smaller towns in its vicinity—is well written and graphic. The letter was written May 22, at Santa Anna, near San Louis, but owing to difficulties in getting mail matter through to Manila it was not mailed from the latter place until June 5.

From the Front.

From Our Soldier Correspondent.
SANTA ANNA, Luzon, P. I., May 22.—You will have to excuse paper, etc., for all my possessions excepting a toothbrush, camera and canteen are stored in the freight depot at Calumpit. This is our ninth day out on the present campaign and when or where this letter can be mailed I don't know, for we are thirty miles from the railroad. Will endeavor to send it back by some one bound for the hospital, for we shall probably be on the march daily until the rainy season sets in fully.

A fellow readily learns to do two things when campaigning. He doesn't march many miles before he throws away everything but his rifle, ammunition, tooth brush and canteen. The tooth brush he slips through two holes cut in his campaign hat and the canteen's contents he jealously guards at all hazards. The second lesson springs likewise from necessity. In two days time he has learned to take all the rest he possibly can obtain—he indulges in the luxury of a considerable correspondence only by stealing time from this period.

When the bugle calls a halt in the long, dusty column he flops under the first shade available. When arms are stacked for the night's bivouac, he quickly folds his campaign hat for a pillow and begins to repel the evening attack of ants and mosquitoes without delay.

It was a well seasoned, well equipped expedition which started from Calumpit nine days ago. Moreover it was the first force composed entirely of regulars that ever assembled on Philippine soil.

Of Course the Reporters.

If the number of reporters who accompany the expedition is a criterion of the quantity of news to be furnished the weary reader in the states, it would seem presumptuous for me to attempt to add anything. These news gatherers are everywhere. When your company is deployed as an advance guard, they help you beat through the jungle in search of hidden entrenchments or leaf covered sharpshooters. Their supplies of tobacco and good nature seem alike inexhaustible. When our wagon train went through a bamboo bridge near Candaba and mules, hard tack, corned beef and army prunes were miscellaneous distributed in the mud twenty feet below, I saw the Associated Press man and the New York Journal "cub" fondly rescuing two small chickens from underneath a wrecked wagon where they had been craftily tied at a previous stop.

Calumpit is, or at least was when we were last in touch with civilization, the terminus of the railroad service. This Diagonal and Manila railway is a narrow gauge affair owned by English capitalists. At present to all intents and purposes it is controlled on the south for half its length by Americans and on the north by insurgents. The worst feature of it seems to be that the insurgents were decidedly unfair in the division of rolling stock. When Calocan with its repair shops fell into American hands, a few disabled locomotives and half a hundred damaged or scattered freight and passenger cars were all of a rather large collection which the "goo goo" failed to haul to the other end of the line.

The versatility of the American soldier was illustrated by the rapidity with which a forty mile stretch of this badly crippled roadbed with its damaged rolling stock was put in shape for operation. Machinists, engineers, mail agents and train crews from the ranks readily volunteered their services and have given the utmost satisfaction. So important is this sole line of communication between the base of supplies at Manila and the fighting brigades which are making history and "good" Filipinos with equal success on the north, that the limited train service can be devoted to transporting troops only for a few hours each day.

When the Seventeenth piled into a train of stuffy compartment cars at Calocan after a weary march of ten miles from Marquina, it was hauled

only to Malolos for that day. Next morning the journey was completed on the top of a long line of box cars to Calumpit, beyond which both roadbed and bridges are utterly destroyed. Calumpit was wisely chosen as the rendezvous of a considerable force of regulars which was to ascend the blithely undisturbed but populous valley of the Rio Grande river and form a connecting link between the roving brigades of Generals Lawton and MacArthur in the foothills.

In the tide water river lay the gunboats Lagunda de Bay and Cascade, with a small fleet of ammunition and supply canoes.

A Graphic Description.

The Ninth Infantry, a troop of the Sixth cavalry, a battery of light artillery, the Seventeenth Infantry in order, and the brigade of reporters in some disorder, moved in the grey dawn of a tropical morning. In the great railway storehouse at Calumpit, wherein the retreating insurgents were forced to abandon over 200 tons of sugar and a quarter million bushels of rice, all extra baggage was stored, including blankets, tentage and everything but the lightest field equipments. In addition to its supply boats, each battalion is followed by a mule train with field kitchens and two days' rations in case a detour from the river becomes necessary. The long column, as it bent and twisted along the winding river road, recalled the pictorial sketches in school histories which are apt to excite the boyish fancy. On the right flank the gunboats steamed lazily. In their wake a powerful tug labored heavily to keep a long tow of bamboo cascos, piled high with boxes and sacks of rations abreast with the procession. In front the cavalry's accoutrements glistened in the sunlight and sleek government mules tugged at the artillery's three-inch guns. The infantry swung along as only regulars can, with rifles slung on shoulders or back as comfort demanded. Back of the miscellaneous assortment of vehicles in the rear came General Lawton's pack train, by no means the least interesting feature of the expedition. A staid old bell mule seemed in command of this department and in single file behind her came the long string of driverless animals which need no attention so long as the bell is heard.

The valley of the Rio Grande is as beautiful a bit of fertile lowland as one would care to see. Fruits, strange both in name and appearance to the American, grow in great profusion. Sugar cane, tobacco and rice plantations which are rudely cultivated, but yield amazingly, indicate the soil's untold wealth. The more familiar Indian corn seems to thrive in like measure, but the crude native methods of working it fail to bring that rounded maturity noticeable in the American variety.

The toll road we followed was well shaded by banana, palm and mango trees, but heat was playing increasing havoc with the tolling marchers when the dome of the Cathedral at San Louis showed white in the distance. The gunboats had been fired upon at this point during a trial trip the day before. "Lagunda de Bay" had lost three of its crew. As if to avenge herself, she took the lead under a full head of steam and soon, three-quarters of a mile ahead, volleys of Mausers with the steady rattle of the vessel's machine guns as a background told us that the ball had started. Whole companies, hitherto almost blind by the blinding heat and the fatigues of a steady fourteen mile march, braced up as if under the influence of a powerful stimulant. Even the lagging mules seemed to realize that something was expected of them.

Things Looked Serious.

In the bamboo across the narrow river, squads of Filipinos, stripped naked, so as not to disclose their brown bamboo hiding place to the gunboats, opened fire on the close column as soon as the boats had passed. Things looked rather serious for a time. The troops could not be deployed, owing to the proximity of the river on one side of the road and an impenetrable jungle of bamboo on the other. Forward, double time, came the order. We beat our "go" "keep close to the ground, you d—d fools!" by way of unnecessary admonition.

The movement was slow, for the road was soon choked with artillery and ammunition wagons, which could neither be hurried beyond a certain pace, nor passed by the eager troopers' heavy guns splashed in the water below the infantry or splintered the thick bamboo about them. In column of fours they ploughed on, but it was gloomy work, there being but little opportunity to return the maddening fire. In the crowd and dust and heat seemed to increase ten fold and stretched out in every sheltered spot that the narrow roadway offered lay dozens of dust-begrimed fellows whom the sun had overpowered or who, in soldier parlance, had "stopped one." When your side partner staggered blindly, all you could do for him was to drag him to a protected point and empty your canteen in his flushed face. Like a vision of the promised land finally came the city of the city where its suburbs had encroached upon the hedging jungle. With a yell, each successive command left the exposed road and deployed in its line of battle.

The gunboats had made it hot for "Aggie's" followers.

As the artillery rattled over the rough river front and the infantry poured from every yard and street, the hard pressed rascals scrambled from their trenches like rats. A white flag flew from both church and sugar store house, but the gunboats were not slow in perceiving that every window in the house was ablaze with rifles. Heavy shells soon made dust clouds fly from the moss grown tiled roof of the cathedral and heavy shot made the sugar house a death trap. When the scurry from these was over there seemed no one left to fight, and Old Glory, for the first time in its history, fluttered from the public buildings of San Louis.

After the Battle.

With the fire of battle in its veins, nothing, physically, is impossible to a boy in "blue and brown," but when the strain is removed, an infant class is here and there compared to the gasping, perspiration soaked mortals who, between gulps from their canteens, swear at everything within sight or hearing.

The cooks, who have taken things easily with the wagon train, soon have coffee steaming in the kitchen, hastily erected under the spreading shade of a mango. Corned beef is passed among the prostrate squads, coffee goes the rounds and a box of hardtack is placed with every road. Roll call follows and the sergeants are sent in search of the missing from their sections.

After stacking arms the companies are given permission to go bathing and soon the river is alive with fast reviving "Americans," who plunge in with clothing, campaign hats, tooth brush, all included.

In a settled rule in all these campaigns to destroy no private property, nor remove any articles from deserted houses excepting those which are absolutely necessary to the army's comfort. But provost guards are mortal, and the spirit of fun sometimes is overpowering. On searching the sugar

club-room yielded the complete outfit of a Filipino brass band and a startling combination was instantly effected. The entire camp was soon aroused by the approach of a large band of tripping Filipino lasses, whose bearded faces, crowned with campaign hats, were hardly noticeable in the distance. Behind them the band roared in awful tones that sounded something like "Home, Sweet Home," to those who possessed a good ear for music.

As soon as the commanding officer could muster a sufficiently savage look, the culprits were ordered before him, and bequeathed damns as well as breathless band masters, made a rather shame-faced procession as they neared his tent.

"Replace everything as you found it" was the curt sentence. While the seminary students may not find their belongings in the same bundle in which they were originally tied, yet everything is there and in each package will be found a brass button which the dark-skinned owner opens it. Since the capture of San Louis, the cities of Candaba, Santa Anna, Arayat and a score of smaller river towns have fallen into our hands. Some surrendered without a struggle, in others a few sharpshooters offered the only resistance.

"Aggie's" Way of Campaigning. An interesting report was made by the padre of the wealthy church at Santa Anna, the only churchman who has remained with a few of his trembling flock in any city we have entered. His story was that Aguilando himself had ridden some hours ahead of our column, after leaving San Louis, and with two of his officers had warned the natives to fly for their lives. "Aggie" told them that we had burned and sacked every city we had entered and that San Louis we had killed everyone who remained behind and had carried off all the women. Small wonder is it that each city we enter is depopulated unless a large force of the enemy is relied upon to drive us back.

From present indications, it looks as if the Nebraska, Dakota and Oregon regiments were to be sent back to the States and that our force is to continue with the tireless Lawton until the end comes. At present we are quartered at Santa Anna awaiting orders. For the first time since we broke regimental camp have we been in one place more than twelve consecutive hours and for the first time in two months have we a comfortable bamboo house, wherein the latted bamboo floors remove one from the pest of ants. To the weather beaten fellows who have been blanketless and tentless so long and whose bell in starlight and rain has been the bare ground and a campaign hat, these huts seem like palaces.

The natives are learning gradually, but surely that they have been deceived. That we neither murder nor burn nor destroy seems hard for them to realize. I noticed the return of a family across the street from our mansion to-day. First came the old gray-haired patriarch of the flock, who cautiously approached the house and with great hesitation finally entered the door. At my approach the trembling old amigo knelt down and seemed to be resigned to his fate. Frightened out of reason, yet afraid to offend a man-eating "American," he was led to the ever open hardtack can, where an ample fill of this stimulating "angel food" seemed to leave him in doubt as to whether kindness was meant or we were fattening him for a feast. He seemed to take the benefit of the doubt, however, and in an hour two good looking, well dressed young Tagalos returned with him. After a conference with some native women who were passing at will without even exciting a curious glance from the soldiers, the three disappeared.

To return with the entire family of numerous children and nearly countless grandchildren who had been stowed somewhere in the jungles. Now a row of pickaninny heads, bearing a striking resemblance to so many brown cocoanuts, peer at me from the room wide window across the way, only to disappear in confusion when a sneeze or other sudden noise awakes and perhaps growing dangerous. Meanwhile the quartermaster sergeant swears at the unexplained increase in the consumption of hardtack.

I believe that a conservative forecast of the situation will bear out the statement that the insurance will be settled one time. Either a peace will have been agreed upon, or American troops will have entered upon an indefinite and merciless campaign against slippery bands of outlaws, who will work sad havoc in peace inclined settlements and become a menace to the interests of every resident of Luzon. Some minor detail of the present may turn the scale in the future—perhaps instances of kindness already shown toward a misgoverned and long suffering people in the heaven of success which a favorable solution of the costly question requires.

ERNEST G. SMITH.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Going and Coming of Wheeling People and Visitors.

T. C. Hulings, of Sistersville, is at the St. Ann.

E. E. Gilmore, of Parkersburg, is at the Grand Central.

John C. Holmes, of Charles Town, was an arrival at the Windsor last night.

J. W. Rice and J. Snyder, of West Alexander, were guests of the Howell yesterday.

Will Gooch, who has been employed as bell boy at the Egnew hotel, at Mt. Clemens, Mich., is home.

Miss Helen Blumenthal, of St. Louis, Mo., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Louis Schwab, on North Main street.

Miss Catherine Cameron, of Chapel street, is visiting her brother, Charles Cameron, of Pocahontas, Va.

John and William Hugs, sons of Judge Hugs, left this week to spend their vacations amid the rural delights of eastern Virginia.

Mrs. George A. Dunnington left the city yesterday for a season at Mountain Lake Park. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Lucille Kidwell.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Young, after a trip on Lakes Erie, St. Clair and Huron, extending to Ontario, Michigan and Ohio, have returned home. Previous to this Mrs. Young had a pleasant visit with friends in Defiance, Ohio, and Chicago.

Charles E. VanKeuren and son, and E. C. Flacus and son returned yesterday from a long trip through Michigan and western Ontario. They are telling some remarkable fish stories these days, and backing them up with photographs "taken on the spot."

The Governor's Thanks.

Wheeling Lodge No. 28, B. P. O. E., has received the following from Governor Atkinson:

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA, EXECUTIVE MANSION, CHARLESTON, July 12, 1899.

Wheeling Lodge No. 28, B. P. O. E. GENTLEMEN—I want to sincerely congratulate the members of the B. P. O. E. Lodge of Wheeling upon the splendid success of its street carnival. It was one of the best exhibitions I ever witnessed and your order is entitled to the thanks of our people for serving them such a high grade entertainment.

I cannot let the opportunity pass without tendering my thanks to all of you for your enterprise.

Cordially and sincerely yours,
G. W. ATKINSON,
Governor of West Virginia.

"I HAVE used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for years and always with good results," says Mr. W. C. Coward, of El Rio, Cal. "For small children we find it especially effective." For sale by druggists.

VERY STRINGENT

Will be the Ordinance of the Ohio Valley Electrical Company.

REFERENCE TO THE SOLICITOR

By the Committee on Ordinances Carried with it Instructions to Make Some Very Radical Changes in the Measure—It is not Likely that Wheeling can Secure One of the Captured Spanish Cannon.

When the council committee on ordinances referred the ordinance of the Ohio Valley Electrical, Motive Power & Refrigerator Supply Company to the city solicitor and city engineer, with instructions to incorporate in it certain suggestions made by the solicitor at the committee's meeting on Monday evening, it is doubted that the committee understood how far-reaching were the solicitor's suggestions, which he will now proceed to incorporate in the ordinance.

In fact, it is said the ordinance will hardly be acceptable to the company if the solicitor's suggestions are to be added to it. For instance, the solicitor suggested that the locations of the "stations" which the ordinance as drawn states may be placed in the streets, be specified in the ordinance, and that there should be a more definite description of what these stations are. This information, it is said, the company is not now in a position to give, owing to the fact that its plans with reference to inaugurating an automobile service are yet in a state of crudity.

It is said the company will sell electricity as a side issue; that its electric plant will be built primarily to transmit power to the automobile compressed air stations, which the company desires to erect in the streets throughout the city. At these stations the electricity will give the power for the making of compressed air, the power that is to operate the automobiles. It is said the company proposes ultimately to enter into competition with the street cars for the carrying of passengers to all parts of the city and vicinity, and the "stations" are for the purpose of renewing each automobile's supply of air when it has been nearly exhausted.

WHEELING DISAPPOINTED.

It is not Likely One of the Spanish Cannon can be Secured.

At the last meeting of the city council, Mr. Baird, of the first branch, offered a resolution that the senators and representatives of West Virginia in Congress be asked to secure for Wheeling one of the cannon captured by the Americans in the late Spanish-American war. The resolution was passed, and City Clerk O'Brien entered into correspondence with the congressmen. Yesterday the following was received from Senator Scott:

WASHINGTON, D. C. July 17. Col. Thos. O'Brien, Jr., Wheeling.

DEAR SIR:—At the request of Senator Scott I took up the question of securing a cannon captured by the American army during the late Spanish-American war for the city of Wheeling, in compliance with your request of July 11.

I found that the law required that all condemned cannon, ammunition, etc., issued to any state is turned over to the governor of that state as custodian. Two cannon were allotted to West Virginia, and the department is not able to tell whether they have been disposed of or not. Governor Atkinson is the one who can tell this. If you will communicate with the governor, and Senator Scott can be of any service to you after so doing, he desires that you let him know at once.

Very truly yours,

JOHN L. STEELE,
Private Secretary.

This means, no doubt, that Wheeling will be disappointed, as the two pieces placed at the disposal of Governor Atkinson have been given to Charleston and Clarksburg respectively.

DON'T buy bread "just as good"; you will always be satisfied when you get Wheeling Bakery's.

Red Hot From the Gun

Was the ball that hit G. B. Steadman, of Newark, Mich., in the civil war. It caused horrible ulcers that no treatment helped for twenty years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Boils, Foul Corns, Skin Eruptions. Best Plaster on earth. 25 cents a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Logan Drug Co., druggists.

IF you are not getting it, your table lacks an every day luxury. Ask for Wheeling Bakery Bread. Insist on getting it; you will stick to it. A tin seal on every loaf.

Low Rates—Long Limit via Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling Railway to Lake Chautauqua points on July 28. Tickets good thirty days returning. Also low rates to Niagara Falls, July 26, 27 and 28. Particulars at city ticket office.

DON'T buy poor bread. The best is not good enough. Always ask for the Wheeling Bakery's peerless bread.

DIED.

SEAMON—On Monday, July 17, 1899, at 11 o'clock p. m., CHARLES SEAMON, aged 39 years.

Funeral services at his late residence, Caldwell's Run, this (Wednesday) afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Friends of the family respectfully invited to attend. Interment private at Peninsula cemetery.

CAMPBELL—On Monday, July 17, 1899, at 4 o'clock p. m., WILLIAM V. son of Patrick and Bridget Campbell, aged 17 years and 7 months.

Funeral notice hereafter.

Louis Bertschy, FUNERAL DIRECTOR and ARTIFICIAL EMBALMER.

1117 Main St.—West Side. Calls by Telephone Answered Day or Night. Store Telephone 635. Residence, 506. Assistant's Telephone, 635.

Alexander Frew, FUNERAL DIRECTOR and EMBALMER.

1208 MAIN ST. Under Competent Management. Telephone—Store, 226; Residence, 750.

ROBERT F. HILL, FUNERAL DIRECTOR and EMBALMER.

Parlors and Chapel Open Day and Night. 41 Fifteenth Street. Telephone, 800.

BRUEMMER & HILDEBRAND, Funeral Directors and Embalmers.

Cor. Market and 22d Sts. Telephone 207-2. Open Day and Night.

BRIEF MENTIONINGS.

Events in and About the City Given in a Nutshell.

The Windsor hotel lobby is scaffolded for fresco painting.

One deed of trust was the extent of business transacted yesterday in Clerk Robertson's office.

Samuel B. Ullum yesterday disposed of his island livery stable to George Johnson, of Mount Pleasant, O.

Yesterday, in the circuit court, a decree was handed down by Judge Paul confirming the sale of the Philip Reilly property.

Last night Squire Fitzpatrick gave Gertie Robinson ten days in jail on the charge of disturbing the peace in "Moral" alley.

Police Officer Holmes yesterday arrested Ella Kilies under the bad name act, and she was sent to jail by Squire Rogers in default of \$100 bond for her good behavior for one year.

This afternoon and to-night the outing of St. Michael's church occurs at Pleasant Valley park. A feature will be the concert at 8:30 p. m., under the direction of Prof. Rafferty, of the Cathedral.

The general committee on entertainment in charge of the meeting of the West Virginia grand lodge, Knights of Pythias, to be held in Wheeling in October, met last night at the office of the secretary, Charles O. Roemer. Routine business was transacted. The committee will now meet every Tuesday evening to push the work of preparation for the affair.

The funeral of Irwin W. Imhoff occurred yesterday afternoon from the family residence, at Elm Grove. Rev. William Uffert, of St. John's Lutheran church, conducted the services. The interment was at Greenwood cemetery. The funeral was largely attended, and included members of the Builders' Exchange and other organizations with which the deceased was connected.

Yesterday, in Justice Rogers' court, there was a warm inter-domestic squabble. Sallie Mooney swore out a warrant for Nettie Smith, who was placed under bond to keep the peace; then Nettie swore out a similar warrant for Sallie, in which the squire took the same action, and as a wind-up Sallie Mooney swore out a warrant for Bertha Hayea who was bound over likewise.

G. W. Clutta, of Little Washington, swore out a warrant in Justice Rogers' court, charging Sallie Boyd with being a fugitive from justice. She was arrested, and later in the day she was taken back to Pennsylvania. George F. Combs was arrested on a similar charge, but declined to go without a requisition. The Washington officer thereupon went to Harrisburg to secure requisition papers from Governor Stone, which he will present to Governor Atkinson.

In Justice Heberfield's court last night the case of the state vs. Harry Foster was tried. Under a misconception a man named Neiswanger preferred a charge of petit larceny. The charge was disproven by the defendant, and he was honorably discharged. Several witnesses, including his present employer, testified to his high character.

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